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a pious foundation in Coire, and of another part in favour of her collateral relations. During the three weeks of the illness which preceded her decease, she received the sacraments according to the ritual of the Roman Catholic church. After death, such honours were paid to her remains as to add, if possible, to her fame, and to reflect great credit on

the inhabitants of Rome. She was buried with solemn pomp in her parish church of St. Andrew *del Fratte*. The funeral ceremony was chiefly directed by the excellent sculptor the chevalier Canova, and was attended by all the academicians of St. Luke, and all the literary corporations.

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## DETACHED ANECDOTES AND OBSERVATIONS.

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### AN ANTIQUARIAN'S PRAYER.

**I**N a note to the last edition of "Aubrey's Letters written by eminent persons," &c. we have the following prayer of the famous antiquarian Thomas Hearne, and which the editor remarks, "exemplifies Hearne's character as much, perhaps, as any anecdote that has descended to us." "Oh! most gracious and merciful Lord God, wonderful in thy providence; I return all possible thanks to thee for the care thou hast always taken of me. I continually meet with instances of this thy providence, and one act yesterday when I unexpectedly met with three old MSS. for which in a particular manner, I return my thanks, beseeching thee to continue the same protection to me, a poor helpless sinner, and that for Jesus Christ his sake." Some may smile at the simplicity of this antiquarian, others may be shocked at his impiety, and compare him with William Huntington,\* who arro-

gantly styled himself Sinner Saved, and who pretended when he required a pair of new breeches that they were sent from Heaven to him. Yet surely if people will importune the Deity with prayers on trivial occasions, the antiquarian's prayer is infinitely superior to those "prayers which whet the sword" for the destruction of our fellow-beings, and which are ordered to be read on fast days. But these vindictive prayers although they may shew the malignity of those who compose, and of those who repeat them, never yet destroyed a single adversary. We execrate, not pity, the individual who can listen to such wicked blasphemy.

### BEST MANNER OF TURNING PEACE TO ADVANTAGE.

Every well-wisher to the cause of Constitutional Liberty and Reform must feel persuaded, that a prodigious step has been made towards the attainment of those cardinal objects, not only by the recognition of our principles in quarters hitherto believed the most adverse, but principally by the destruction of the enormous influence which the crown derives from war, and the termination of that fatal alarm which

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\* A curious account of this man who succeeded in duping multitudes, will be found in a very interesting publication, "Esprilla's Letters from England," written by Southey and Duppa, before the former was a pensioned poet.

has for twenty-five years raised so many obstacles or pretexts hostile to the progress of improvement. All that the people have now to do, is, to watch jealously the conduct of their rulers, and prevent them from conjuring up new pretences for delaying the reduction of our heavy burthens, and their favourite expenditure. [*Extract from H. Brougham's letter to the Chairman of the Liverpool Concentric Society.*]

#### INSTABILITY OF KINGLY POWER.

Voltaire in his *Candide* exhibits the following imaginary meeting of dethroned monarchs, who at that time were living in different parts of Europe.

"Candide and Martin being seated at table with the six strangers, Cacambo as he handed the drink to one of the six, said, 'Sire, your majesty can depart when you please, the vessel is ready.' Having said these words, he went out;—the company astonished, stared at each other, when another domestic, approaching his master, said, 'Sire, the chaise of your majesty is at the door;' the master made a sign and the domestic disappeared. The common surprise of the company now redoubled, when a third valet approaching a third stranger, said to him, 'I believe, sire, your majesty cannot remain here any longer, I go to prepare for our departure;' and immediately disappeared. A fourth domestic said to a fourth master, 'every thing is ready for your majesty's departure.' A fifth valet said as much to a fifth master; but the sixth valet spoke different to the sixth master. He said to him, 'In faith, sire, I can get no more credit here for your majesty, nor for myself, and we are likely to be both arrested, for what is due, this very night; I must go and provide for myself.' All the domestics having

disappeared, the six strangers, Candide and Martin, remained in profound silence; at last Candide broke it—'Gentlemen,' said he, 'this is really a pleasant joke. Why, are you all kings? As for Martin and myself I assure you we are not.' The master of Cacambo replied gravely in Italian—'I am not joking, I am called Achmet the 3rd, I have been grand sultan many years; I dethroned my brother; my nephew dethroned me, and cut off the heads of my viziers, but I am allowed to finish my life in the old seraglio, and sometimes permitted (as at present) to travel for my health.' A grave young man, who was next to Achmet, spoke after him, and said—'I am called Ivan; I have been emperor of all the Russias; I was dethroned in my cradle, and reared in prison, I have sometimes permission to travel (as at present) accompanied by those who guard me.' The third said, 'I am Charles Edward, king of England; my father ceded me his rights to the kingdom, I have fought to sustain them, I am now going to visit my dethroned father at Rome; dethroned like me and my grandfather.' The fourth said, 'I am king of the Poles; the fate of war has deprived me of my throne; I resign myself to providence like sultan Achmet, emperor Ivan, and king Charles, to whom God grant long life.' The fifth said, 'I am also king of the Poles; I lost my kingdom twice, but providence has given me another estate, in which I have realised more wealth than all the kings of Poland put together.' It now remained with the sixth monarch to speak: 'Gentlemen,' said he, 'I am not so great a lord as you, nevertheless I have been a king as well as another; I am Theodore, elected king of Corsica, and called your majesty, though at present scarcely

called sir; I have ordered money to be struck, and have not now a farthing; I have had two secretaries of state, and my only servant has just left me; I have been seated on a throne, and have been a long time in the Fleet prison of London, lying on a pallet—I am likely to experience the same here.'

"The five other monarchs listened to this discourse with a noble compassion; each of them gave twenty sequins to king Theodore to buy him clothes, particularly shirts, and Candide presented him with a diamond ring worth twenty thousand sequins."

#### DELINEATION OF THE COMMERCIAL CHARACTER DEBASED BY WAR.

*From Col. Williams' Speech at the Concentric Society of Liverpool.)*

I have also in my view those *speculators* in commercial wares, those cold-blooded calculators of profit and loss, who gambol like the porpus in a coming storm; who disgrace an honourable calling by pretending to be members of it, but whose element is hazard; who have every thing to gain, and nothing to lose. Those are the tribes who are active and gay, while the conflicting world is stained with blood, and its peaceable inhabitants enveloped in mourning. It is those selfish characters, engendered by war, and multiplied by its continuance, who cast a damp upon the present joyful termination of this hideous struggle, and whose endeavours will not be wanting to revive it in some shape or other; who cannot breathe without a blockade, to whom smuggling is aliment, and who, with free access to the other coasts of Europe, still sigh for licenses and cargoes of contraband to Norway. It is upon those classes, degraded by this extended war, that it will be necessary for the peaceable inhabitants of this coun-

try to keep a most vigilant superintendence, until their numbers are diminished, their mischievous activity corrected, or diverted into honest channels.

#### DIFFERENT MOTIVES FOR GIVING PLAUDITS.

*(From Mr. Shepherd's speech at the Concentric Society, in Liverpool.)*

When I was in Paris, in the year 1802, I attended a meeting of the National Institute. On that occasion the celebrated Lalande read an essay on the position of the fixed stars. This paper was very long, and very dry—as long and as dry, Gentlemen, as an American state paper. It was also so very recondite, that it was unintelligible to all the audience, save some dozen scavans, who sat round the tribune. When the essay was concluded, these scavans commenced a plaudit, in which the whole audience immediately joined. Among the loudest was an officer of the guard, next to whom I had the honour to sit. Being morally certain that this gallant soldier did not understand a sentence of what had been read, I took the liberty indulged to a stranger, and said to him, "Permit me, sir, to ask why you applaud?" To which he answered, with a significant smile "Because I am glad that the philosopher's essay is finished."

#### AN USEFUL HINT FOR CONDUCTING DISPENSARIES.

At a time when benevolence is so much practised, and such immense sums sent abroad for charitable purposes, it cannot be improper to solicit attention to the sufferings of our own countrymen. It is the opinion of many of the Faculty that nine tenths of the poor who apply to Dispensaries for relief would be more benefited by food than

medicine. The latter can be of little use when the powers of nature are not sufficiently supported. Hard labour and low living are more fruitful sources of disease than even indolence and luxury. It frequently happens that persons who apply to Dispensaries are unwilling to confess their extreme poverty, and it is not discovered till they are unable to crawl out, and the medical attendant, in visiting their place of abode, witnesses a scene of wretchedness at

which humanity shudders! The workhouses cannot contain one third of those who would gladly become inmates, and the pittance of two or three shillings a week is very insufficient support, when there is no means of earning any thing in addition—and thousands of sick and aged are in this starving condition! Surely it would be a noble charity to establish a fund at Dispensaries to assist in cases of distress, with money as well as medicine,

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## POETRY.

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THE two following poems written by the late JAMES GILLAND, were published some years ago in the Belfast Commercial Chronicle, but the merited encomiums on the poems of that intrepid and unbending patriot EDWARD RUSHTON, and the descriptive lines on the Abolition of the Slave-trade, deserve a more permanent record than the ephemeral columns of a newspaper.

ON READING THE POEMS OF EDWARD RUSHTON, OF LIVERPOOL.

LET other bards attune the venal lyre,  
 Lease out its voice, and touch its strings  
 for hire,  
 By other hands poetic wreaths be twin'd,  
 To crown some conquering murderer of  
 mankind—  
 Here purer themes employ the peaceful  
 page,  
 No trumpets bray, no rushing hosts engage,  
 No venal flattery stains these honest lays,  
 Unawed they censure, and unbought they  
 praise.

Ye in whose generous breasts the voice of  
 woe,  
 Bids feeling melt, or indignation glow,  
 As your fixed minds, the opening story  
 leads,  
 As vengeance rouses, or as pity pleads,  
 Turn to his glowing thoughts, his breath-  
 ing lines,  
 Where genius' fire, with judgment's  
 strength combines,

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To rule truth's subjects by poetic laws,  
 And marshal fiction's powers in virtue's  
 cause;  
 And as your eyes his pictur'd scenes survey,  
 And your heart owns the moral of his lay,  
 The minds pure purpose in its offspring  
 scan,  
 And in his fancy's wand'ings read the man.

There trace a soul to generous feeling true,  
 That can the path where honor points pur-  
 sue,  
 Spirit unbending, still to truth allied,  
 Pure from each stain of prejudice or pride;  
 A heart improv'd, expanded, unconfin'd,  
 Glowing with equal love for all mankind,  
 That meets a censuring world without a  
 fear,  
 And spite of fortune dares to be sincere.

November, 1806.

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ON THE ABOLITION OF THE SLAVE-TRADE.

WHERE pours th' unclouded sun his  
 fiercest ray,  
 And flaming thro' the circle of the day,  
 Surveys where Gambia o'er its golden  
 sands,  
 Rolls thro' unnumber'd realms and name-  
 less lands.  
 There, 'midst his groves, with spring e-  
 ternal crown'd,  
 Where perfumes fill the breezeless air a-  
 round,

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